

Beware, Girls! THE MARCH FACE Confronts You!!

The Mischief-Making Winds and the Meddlesome Sunshine of the Boreal Month Must Be Met With and Conquered by Cooling Creams and Luxurious Lotions.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

WHEW! Here comes the mischief-making March wind, that tousles your hair, chaps your skin and blows dust in your eyes! And the next moment shines the March sun, showing you how faded your winter clothes look, how dusty everything is, and lighting up every little spot you have accumulated during the winter both on your clothes and your complexion, every crease in your tailor suit and every wrinkle in your face.

No wonder that March is a splendid harvest time for the beauty culturist—the little woman who goes around with a pleasant smile and a small beauty kit in her hand, who comes to you and frons out your wrinkles, smooths your crumpled forehead, brings the blush of spring by naturally artificial methods into winter cheeks and drives away that spring tired feeling.

Lent comes, too, the time of sulphur and molasses (I am not speaking metaphorically) and other repentances for our sins. But we have to do with the little beauty culturist who is soft of voice and sterilized of fingers, and who has in her little beauty kit a good lanoline skin food, a plain cold cream, an astringent lotion, plenty of cheese-cloth and a little home face-steaming apparatus.

To steam the face in winter, then go into the cold air again, makes the cure worse than the complaint, but March is a good time to get rid of blackheads and go through a general spring house-cleaning before we put on our Easter clothes to emerge from the chrysalis state.

For ordinary use the homely tea kettle on a little alcohol lamp will do perfectly as a steamer, particularly if it has a little funnel inserted into the spout. Have the tea kettle moderately full of boiling water and with the lid on, so that the steam issues through the spout. Bind a piece of wet towelling over the eyes and hold the face before the steam until the skin is thoroughly softened if you want to get rid of the winter's dust accumulations in your pores. When the skin is soft take your little comedone extractor and extract this dirt, which we call blackheads, by a very gentle pressure of the little instrument.

After the blackheads are all pressed out, the following cream should be rubbed carefully into the face: Lanoline, 1-2 ounce; sweet almond oil, 1-4

ounce; boric acid, 20 drops; tincture benzoin, 5 drops. With this the face is massaged with the well known upward and outward movements for at least twenty minutes. After that the grease should be wiped off very gently with a warm, wet cloth. Then, to induce the artificial natural color, make a face mask of wash cloths, dipped in very cold water, and lay upon the face. Where there is any tendency to a red nose cover just the forehead, cheeks and chin.

Women with sagging chins will be benefited by a compress of ice cold water under the chin, renewing the contour as soon as it grows warm. For them, too, there is the scientific scrub, which the little beauty culturist knows how to give with two small face

brushes of the softer kind. The brushes are dipped in lukewarm water, into which a few drops of camphor are poured. She first brushes up the spinal column from the middle of the waist to the base of the brain, and then, starting from the chest, works up over the muscles of the neck and chin. When the face and neck are thoroughly dry she applies either some soothing lotion which you know agrees with you, or else buttermilk or sweet milk. The buttermilk is the most soothing, however.

If the skin has been very much exposed to dust before the face-cleaning process it is a good thing to clean it off quickly with a cream made of the following: 1 ounce of sweet almond oil; 80 grains of white wax melted with 80

grains of spermaceti; 25 grains of finely beited benzoin. Heat the fats in a double boiler and add the benzoin while they are heating. Heat until cold. After the cold water treatment a lotion should be chosen to suit the particular texture of the skin. Milk will agree with almost everybody, but a woman with an oily skin, for instance, would do better to use the following lotion: Extract of cassia, 1 ounce; extract of violet, 1 ounce; extract of rose, 1 ounce; tincture of orris root, 1 ounce. To digest for ten days in five and a half tablespoonfuls of white wine vinegar. Filter after that time through a porous paper. Use a teaspoonful of this toilet vinegar in a basin of water to sponge off the face after the treatment.

The woman with the naturally oily skin will also prefer a non-greasy cream for use at night or during the day, whenever it is necessary. Here's one which will sink right into the pores. It is a non-greasy toilet cream. Tricacanth, 2 drams; water, 14 ounces; glycerine, 1 ounce; tincture of benzoin, 2 drams; borax, 2 drams; white rose extract, 4 drams. After using the toilet cream powder liberally with a powder made of 1 part powdered talcum, 1 part lycopodium powdered, 2-3 parts of farina starch, boric acid equal to half a part, and a few drops of essence of violets. This powder can be stained with beef juice if desired and the whole must be sifted through silk bolting cloth. This spring cleaning should not be done too often, at least as far as the steaming is concerned, and one should be prepared not to leave the house for some time after it. Don't steam the face or try to press out blackheads when the skin is in a state of eruption or covered with pimples. Wait for the pimples to heal, and get some good blood purifier to accelerate matters. Blackheads are as often caused by anaemia as from dirt or carelessness. Where the system is not strong enough to throw off impurities that settle in the pores, that must be built up internally; face steaming and cleaning are only a temporary and external aid in the work.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY, Sketched for The Evening World, In Her New Rose Chiffon Gown Designed by Herself.



MRS. MACKAY'S WALKING STICK

"Exclusive Gowns" Often Meet in Fashion's Whirl.

By Diane de Morigny.

TWO women loving the same man have been known to commit crimes, but their feelings in the matter are as nothing compared to those of two smart women wearing the identical same dress at the same reception.

How would you like to spend a thousand dollars on a dress designed in Paris especially for you to wear at a particular function, and how would you feel if just as you were making a brilliant entrance into the drawing-room you were to be faced by another woman with a gown of the same color, material and pattern as your own and with a stamp of the great French confectioner's hand upon it?

Your feelings would be those of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who swept into Mrs. Townsend's ballroom in Washington in an original creation designed especially for her by a celebrated Parisian modiste. It was an exquisite affair of white silk net heavily embroidered in white, over different layers of silk and chiffon and strewn with opalescent paillettes.

Imagine her feelings, then, when she beheld Mrs. Perry Belmont, also beautiful, coming up the opposite flight of steps in a gown made of white silk net, heavily embroidered in white, with opalescent paillettes and the stamp of the same well-known dressmaker.

Each lady smiled and lifted an eyebrow of exclamation. Nothing more was said, but the next morning the cables were kept warm with messages to the French dressmaker, who is original but not wise, and sold two of the same kind of dresses to two women in the same set.

The other night at the opera there occurred a small feminine tragedy not billed on the programme when three women came up in the elevator to the parterre boxes and all of them had on the same very elaborate opera coat, made in the same shape with the same kind of trimming, the same kind of fur, even the same pattern of lace. As the



They Look Alike, but Each Was an "Exclusive" Design.

owners were not triplets, their annoyance may be pictured.

Among the women who go every year to Paris and have their gowns made from exclusive designs over there, these little misadventures are very frequent, for the ingenious Parisian does not scruple to faithfully promise not to copy a model, and then go ahead and do it.

Many of the big New York dressmakers employ special designers to make single models for the women who want original frocks. Only one design is made, and the same design is never repeated in the same material. In this particular the American dressmaker is scrupulously honest.

Others of the big modistes go so far as to have original designers in lace of flowers, of embroideries and all the small accessories, Jacquard, for instance, having all the lace used in her establishment made according to designs sent out by her. Redfern, in pursuit of a novelty for the American woman, revived the silk flower trade of the time of Louis XV., while it was repeated in the India shawls as dress materials and dress accessories.

One of the big Fifth avenue dressmakers has just finished a model in a very extraordinary shade of green. It is a coat and suit of a silk that looks a good deal like ponce. But the color is not one that can be had at any of the shops.

"Where did you get that shade of green?" I asked him.

"At the upholsterer's," was the truthful answer. "No trade and no material is safe from us when we are hunting for original colors and fabrics. An American Duchess is wearing a dress made of material that was originally intended for window curtains. It is a sort of madras. I came across it in one of the wholesale places and bought the piece of goods, which had been thrown out because it was not suitable for window purposes. It made a wonderful costume and cannot be duplicated. I frequently go about gathering sample bolts of silk that have been dyed a wrong color. These often just suit my purposes. The color cannot be repeated, and my customer has a truly original gown."

Oh, the chase for the original! It is making us gray headed.

By Annette Bradshaw.

HERE is a society woman who designs her own gowns.

I have sketched her from life in one of the most beautiful of these creations for The Evening World.

She is Mrs. Clarence Mackay. Her gowns are always the talk of the "400." They never fail to be stunning.

At the Plaza last Tuesday, when Mrs. Waldorf gave tableaux vivants for the benefit of the Virginia mountaineers, Mrs. Mackay wore a gown of rose-colored chiffon which made the fashionable open their eyes and catch their breath. This is the gown in which I have sketched her. The gown is of rose-colored chiffon with suggestions of shining blue showing through some of

its folds, as though there were under-dresses of soft blue chiffon. The coat-effect is formed by an overdress of rose bordered by bands of Dutch net. Below the belt line in front the gown is gathered by a large jeweled button. The under dress is girlish high Empire fashion, by a belt of satin. The skirt has been given a little full front, as the flowing overdress conceals it at the back and sides. Above the girly bands of handsome Venetian lace alternates with chiffon. Top sleeves of rose overhang broad-lape sleeves of pale blue embroidered chiffon edged with lace.

The front of the skirt, revealed by the overdress falling away on either side, is of pale blue chiffon, deeply tucked. A simple band of soft Dutch blue velvet is worn like a crown in the hair. Among other beautiful novelties which

Mrs. Mackay has brought over from Paris is a walking stick, the top of which is also shown in the sketch. This stick is of bass wood, surmounted by a handle of crystal, topped by a narrow band of gold. The whole round top is set in a solid incrustation of sapphires. On the side of the wood is a unique monogram in gold tracery.

The Boy's Honor.

NEW YORK.—I hear your eldest son was a high honor at the graduation exercises of a school. Mrs. Lapsley—Yes; George was the valedictorian of his class.—Chicago Tribune.